

He participated in investigations of labor conditions in various Asian countries for the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

In 1958, Mr. Weaver resigned from the AFL-CIO to become assistant to the president of the International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers and director of the union's political education program. He remained in that job until joining the Labor Department in the Kennedy administration.

In 1963, he was the first American to receive the Malayan honorary award of Panglim Mangku Megara. He had served on the boards of trustees of Washington Technical Institution and the University of the District of Columbia, was chairman of the Finance Committee of the United Negro College Fund and was a life member of the NAACP.

Survivors include his wife of 54 years, Mary S. Weaver of Washington, and two sisters, Vivian Belden of Detroit and Annalouise Jenkins of Cleveland.

TRIBUTE TO MAJ. GEN. JAMES J.  
CRAVENS, JR.

**HON. RONALD D. COLEMAN**

OF TEXAS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 27, 1995*

Mr. COLEMAN. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to pay tribute to a man that has served as Commanding General at Fort Bliss, TX for the past 2 years with distinction, Maj. Gen. James J. Cravens, Jr. He is highly regarded as an outstanding leader, and maintained Fort Bliss' reputation as a good neighbor to El Paso.

General Cravens has served his country since 1966 when he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Artillery upon graduation from North Georgia College where he received a bachelor of science degree in business administration. He also holds a master of science degree from Clemson University.

His military education includes the Air Defense Artillery Officers Basic Course, the Air Defense Artillery Officers' Advanced Course, the Army Command and General Staff College, and the National War College.

General Cravens' military decorations and awards include the Legion of Merit (with two Oak Leaf Clusters), Bronze Star Medal (with Oak Leaf Cluster), Meritorious Service Medal (with four Oak Leaf Clusters), Army Commendation Medal (with Oak Leaf Cluster), Parachutist Badge, Pathfinder Badge, and Army Staff Identification Badge.

As Commanding General of the Air Defense Artillery Center at Fort Bliss, General Cravens has overseen the instruction of air defense artillery students from all over the world. The ADA School trains air defenders, develops air defense doctrine, and defines air defense equipment requirements. As you know, Mr. Speaker, some of the school's graduates distinguished themselves operating the Patriot Missile during Operation Desert Storm when the allied forces fought off various SCUD missile attacks from the country of Iraq.

When James Cravens assumed his command at Fort Bliss, I found him to be a man of integrity and great talent. He quickly captured the affection of El Pasoans with his unyielding quest to produce the finest air defense specialists in the world. The overwhelming skill and superiority that our air defense forces displayed in Operation Desert Storm is

due in large part to the intense training they received at the ADA School at Fort Bliss.

Mr. Speaker, I would like to wish my friend, James Cravens, all the best as he prepares to assume his next assignment as Deputy Chief of Staff for Combat Development at Fort Monroe, VA. It has been a pleasure to work with General Cravens to ensure that Fort Bliss continues to live up to its motto, "First to Fire." General Cravens, his lovely wife, Joe Beth, and his children, Jay and Tonya, will be sorely missed.

## RETIRING? NOT EXACTLY

**HON. GERRY E. STUDDS**

OF MASSACHUSETTS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Thursday, July 27, 1995*

Mr. STUDDS. Mr. Speaker, when Bill Breisky announced recently his decision to step down from the helm of the Cape Cod Times, the newspaper launched a national search for a new editor. The advertisement sought—and, in case any Member of this House is interested, is still seeking—candidates with a "proven track record of staff motivation, community leadership, innovative product improvements, a bias toward strong local news coverage, a belief in the principles of public journalism, and a respect for the budget. Our 72-person staff is highly talented and has won a barrelful of excellence awards. No 'now hear this' candidates need apply."

It is hard to imagine a more fitting tribute to the standard and example set over the last 17 years by Mr. Breisky. A daily reporter at heart, Bill would nonetheless hold a story to ensure its accuracy. He cares far less about journalistic conventions like political box scores, than reporting how we on the cape and islands—as a geographic community and as what he calls "communities of interest"—actually conduct our business.

Bill has grappled thoughtfully with the high, often irreconcilable expectations of Times readers—not to mention those of its editorial staff, or of people whose activities we read about in the paper. We sometimes seek all things from our local paper, from the House floor to our back yard. Beyond the hour-by-hour crises and judgments that on into making sure the paper actually hits the street each day, there are important questions about the future of the industry. The traffic on the information superhighway is increasing as fast as the price of newsprint.

About this and other things, Bill Breisky actually sits back, puts aside the crisis of the moment—and reflects. He set out in 1978 to do better than parochial, stenographic reporting, and got as passionate as deadlines permit about looking at the bigger picture. As an editor, he inaugurated "Cape Cod Agenda" to sort out the real impact of development on the cape and islands. As a citizen, he has worked through the Center for the Environment and Sustainable Development to pursue the twin—and, notwithstanding the naysayers, the compatible—objectives of economic development and environmental protection.

You do not get that from a sleepy country editor, any more than from a cigar-chomping Lou Grant. As Adlai Stevenson once said, "Via ovicipitum dura est"—"the way of the egghead is hard." It will surprise no one that

this was in a speech to Harvard students. Or that they needed to have it translated.

With a steady rudder, an even keel and numerous other maritime metaphors, Bill has guided the Times through these shoals with dignity, professionalism, compassion, and humor. He must have even overcome that highest of all hurdles, since I have not heard anyone ask recently how many generations ago his family settled on Cape Cod. In the process, he has earned the affection and respect of the community he's worked so hard to define.

And in case you were wondering—and let us hope that the various editors who may be interested were wondering—yes, Editor and Publisher does think the word "barrelful" has three L's. The way this session of Congress is going, resolving that question may require another amendment to the Constitution.

In spirit, and in preparation for festivities at home this weekend in Mr. Breisky's honor, it is my privilege to enter into the RECORD his "Centerpiece" column of July 2, 1995—entitled "Retiring? Not Exactly"—in which Bill made official his graduation to emeritus status.

[From the Cape Cod Times, July 2, 1995]

RETIRING?—NOT EXACTLY

(By William J. Breisky)

Seventeen years ago, I assumed the editorship of the Cape Cod Times, and inaugurated a column entitled "Another Monday." It ran in place of the second Monday editorial, and was meant to serve as something of an antidote to the unpleasant surprises so often in store for us on a typical Monday morning.

In the six years that I managed to meet my self-imposed deadline for "Another Monday," I never succeeded in finding writing time at the office, and the task became, all too often, a Sunday-evening stress test. So I declared a sabbatical.

Part of the reason I never got around to returning from that sabbatical was a gentlewoman who approached me regularly during the coffee hour that followed our Sunday-morning church service. For two years' worth of Sundays after "Another Monday" had vanished, this charming and faithful reader assured me, week after week, "I love your column. Never miss it."

That was reassuring.

Well, this is a long-winded introduction to the fact that tomorrow will be anything but "another Monday" in my professional life. It will be the first Monday in more than 17 years that I will not be contemplating my responsibilities as editor of the Times.

Tomorrow I will assume the title of "editor emeritus"—which means I will begin fishing through 17 years' accumulation of office files and clutter, to make room for the lucky individual who soon will be elected to occupy my chair. It also means that while I will continue to sit on the Times editorial board, our newsroom staff will be free to dismiss my notions concerning what is, or isn't, newsworthy.

Our readers, on the other hand, will not get off the hook so easily.

For the next few months at least, I will be spending a portion of my time at something we in the trade have come to refer to as "public journalism," a major part of which involves listening more closely to readers.

To journalists who are captivated by the idea, public journalism generally means finding new ways to involve readers in their newspapers, and to involve newspapers in the communities they serve—reporting on the issues of the day as they are seen by the people who live here, rather than relying on elected officials and the bureaucracy.